

Chapter 1 : The Smiling Man “Mystery of Creepy Unidentified Man in Seattle” AIS Journal

A horror flash fiction story, read by Jim Foster If you liked the narration, you can book a gig from Jim on Fiverr here: blog.quintoapp.com If.

I see a lot on this subreddit about The Smiling Man or Grinning Man or whatever you want to call him. I always found a lot of entertainment in these stories and took it as just something to creep people out, like Slender Man. But as of 3 nights ago, i think entirely different. I was at a hardcore show in a small Canadian town in southern Ontario where i live. It was about 1 am by the time it came to an end and it was time for me to mount the trusty bike and ride home. It was about an hour or so bike ride to my apartment complex when as i was riding i heard a massive pop. My god damned tire had to pop, my 1 hour bike ride had turned into a 2 hour walk with my bike. As i walked the bike down the narrow street i turned the corner. The street was more of a little alley than anything, it was a one way street but by the looks of it maybe a smart car could fit through it. I take this narrow road every week going to and from shows and nothing odd ever happened, it was a great shortcut. About meters down the road was a lone streetlight and then about another meters of unlit road. The light added a dull yellow glow only illuminating the small space of pavement around it. I walked my flat tired bike over down the road while listening to the new Converge album on my phone to distract me from the creepiness of being in that street at night. I was about 30 meters away from the light when i saw him. A man wearing a very old looking black with grey pinstripes suit, the white shirt seemed to be stained a brownish colour. His dirty looking black hair draping downward gave even less clue to what he may look like. I walked a few steps closer and weighed out my options. Either ignore the man and keep walking or acknowledge him or just turn around and take an extra hour to get home. So i walked even closer. Almost as if he was abruptly awoken from some sort of trance by the sound of my voice his head snapped up and i got a look at his face. Im a fan of all things creepy but this guy had something seriously wrong with him. He was grinning very wide, i would say if he looked similar to Jack Nicholson when he played the joker. Except his grin stretched beyond ear to ear. His eyes appeared sunken and lifeless, he quickly slicked his hair back still grinning. I stopped dead in my tracks and clenched my hand into a fist. I took a few steps closer. His thin lips were twisted around his rotting gums and teeth which he appeared to have more of than the average human i assumed it was some homeless person on drugs. It was the only logical solution. After all this part of town has lots of homeless people. I slowly kept getting closer until i was about a car length away from him. Then as quick as he appeared he did a spin into the shadows, like he was dancing. I decided it was for sure a homeless person on drugs and walked past the light briskly. I was close to the other side of the street when i heard the faintest giggle from the darkness behind me. I quickly took my phone out and turned on the flashlight. The light was bright and added a whiteish blue glow to the street. And there he was, about 50 meters away from me staring with that grin. I was scared shitless. Then to my horror he started to quickly tip toe towards me with large cartoony steps. His grin wider than ever. His fingers twisted and curled with each step as he got closer. After some running i slowed down to a stop and got my light out once again to check behind me, i stared into the street and saw nothing. I breathed a small sigh of relief when i heard it again. I turned around as fast as possible and found myself face to face with the giant rotten grin. He was so close i could smell the decay on his breath. I ran for my life in the other direction. I got in and checked the time. I have no idea how my walk took that long or how long i was running for. I bought 3 extra locks for my door. I missed another show last night out of fear of seeing him. That was 3 nights ago. Is it worth it?

Chapter 2 : The Grinning Man - Wikipedia

The Grinning Man. From my research I can safely say that the first mention of the grinning man was in Victor Hugo's novel The Man Who Laughs, published in In it, a boy named Gwynplaine was mutilated to such an extent it left him with a permanent grin.

Share I have a story to tell you, but I beg you not to read it. I know it sounds stupid, but by the time you understand why, it will be too late. I know this will not deter many of you, but without this simple warning to ease my conscience, I may not be able to go through with this. And I desperately need to go through with this. Let me start at the beginning. This may seem irrelevant and uninteresting, but I have to stress this; I know him, and I know him well. What he did was On the night of Friday, January 23, I was driving to his apartment to pick him and his roommate up; we made plans to go out, hit a couple of bars, and generally have a good start to the weekend. When I arrived, there were a number of police cars and ambulances outside the complex. I was, of course, curious, as I, like many people, rarely see such sights. As I got closer, I noticed a body covered in a bag in the street, surrounded by glass and no more than a few feet from a badly dented car. As I finished gawking, I made my way inside and up the stairs to the third floor. The police were upstairs as well, talking to residents and taping off one of the apartments. I told him I was supposed to be meeting them for drinks, and asked if they were okay. The officer told me that it appeared that Joe had butchered his roommate with a kitchen knife and thrown himself through the plate glass sliding door into the street below. I was a ghost, shaken so badly I could barely answer the simple questions the officer asked me upon finding that I knew the victims. I made my way back to my car in silence and drove home as though on autopilot. My wife asked me what happened and I explained it to her. She was shocked as well, but I told her I needed a bit of time and went to my room. She let me be. Lost, I found myself at my computer. I know the passwords he commonly used, so it was hardly an issue to find the right one. I scrolled through his inbox, looking for familiar names. Joe, I, and several friends kept in touch online, and I instantly recognized several of those names in the last few days. The most recently opened email was what looked like a spam email with an attachment and no other information. Curiosity got the better of me and I opened it. The file itself was a picture, named nothing but a seemingly random string of numbers. It was simply a man, seemingly normal at a glance, but the longer I stared at it, the more disturbed I became. He stood, staring, with a grin, sinister and unsettling, with eyes that were both vacant and focused at the same time. That terrible grin seemed to widen the longer I stared, and for minutes I was fixated at that horrible face, eyes burning as they stared back at me with equal intensity. Finally, I tore my gaze away to find the only other thing in the email: I need to tell my story. I had to close it. The face was still looking at me; I swear I could still feel his grinning stare. As I went to log out of his email and put that horrid thing out of my mind, I noticed the time it arrived: We were supposed to meet at six. He likely saw this less than a half hour before he died. For the next several days, I tried to get it out of my mind. I tried to go on with my life, but I kept feeling uneasy. Every time I closed my eyes, I felt like someone was watching me. At night, I started to have unsettling nightmares. I was struggling at work. I kept feeling tense and on edge. I needed to know what was going on. It was hard to really know what to look for at first; all I had to go on was that image and the single word that accompanied it. Still, I did what I could with my limited resources. What I uncovered about this "grinning man" was that it was an image that seemed to circulate among image boards and forums a few years back. The article said the picture was harmless, if not a bit creepy though I strongly disagree on the term "a bit" , but it seemed that something about it, when coupled with a key word that was unknown, could trigger extreme psychotic bouts, irritability, nightmares, and hallucinations. It seemed so utterly stupid - simple text and pixels causing such harm - and yet I was sitting there, realizing that I was experiencing those same nightmares, irritability, and hallucinations. Joe obviously experienced the psychosis, evidenced by his sudden murder-suicide. I was stunned; I thought it had to be a joke, some kind of bizarre hoax, but I knew there was more to it than that. I knew what I was feeling and I knew my friend. That picture and that word Oh, God, was this going to happen to me, too? Was I going to kill my wife and then myself? I started to panic, but my rational mind won over. If it was just paranoia and hallucinations They only had

power if I gave them power. I decided that I would end this, put it out of my mind, rationalize it away each time I felt it. That would be the end of it all. My dreams continued to degrade, ending in me waking in the middle of the night, cold sweats and heart pounding. The pills did nothing, though; in fact, they seemed to make my dreams more vivid. I could remember everything when I awoke; every horrible, bloody detail, that grinning, inhuman face. I found I started sleepwalking. The first night I woke curled in the bathtub; then in the kitchen. Three days later, with a knife in my hand and the bloodied remains of our black Lab at my feet. I know I cleaned up our dog, hid him in a trash bag, and said he ran off in the night and got lost. I had no idea what to do. I tried to medicate myself heavily. I locked up all the knives in the house. My wife knew there was something terribly wrong, but I refused to say anything. The only thing I can still remember clearly was the dreams. I was irate and easily spooked at the slightest of things. I thought it had to just be my nerves from all of this and lack of sleep, but I remembered my friend, the website. I knew I was getting worse. The thing I remember most about the dreams, aside from that horrible grinning man, is the emotions. I felt each death that was inflicted in the dream like it was real. Like it was my own hand disemboweling my friends, my family, and random strangers against my own will. Like each death, each vision of terror he showed me, was not just a vision but my own work. Each horrible death in the dream made him grin a little wider. He wanted me to snap. He wanted me to become exactly what he was showing me. He wanted me to become him. I know what he wants. I have to try. I hope you can forgive a man for acting in desperation.

Chapter 3 : Short story: The Grinning Man

The Cult of the Grinning Man was a free short story released by Candy Jar Books in for those who pre-ordered Beast of Fang Rock, and later for free blog.quintoapp.com explains what happens to Colonel Lethbridge-Stewart between the end of The Schizoid Earth and leads into the prologue of Beast of Fang Rock.

Share About five years ago I lived downtown in a major city in the US. To pass the time, I used to go for long walks and spend the time thinking. I spent four years like that, walking alone at night, and never once had a reason to feel afraid. I always used to joke with my roommate that even the drug dealers in the city were polite. But all of that changed in just a few minutes of one evening. It was a Wednesday, somewhere between one and two in the morning, and I was walking near a police patrolled park quite a ways from my apartment. It was a quiet night, even for a weeknight, with very little traffic and almost no one on foot. The park, as it was most nights, was completely empty. I turned down a short side-street in order to loop back to my apartment when I first noticed him. At the far end of the street, on my side, was the silhouette of a man, dancing. It was a strange dance, similar to a waltz, but he finished each "box" with an odd forward stride. I guess you could say he was dance-walking, headed straight for me. Deciding he was probably drunk, I stepped as close as I could to the road to give him the majority of the sidewalk to pass me by. The closer he got, the more I realized how gracefully he was moving. He was very tall and lanky, and wearing an old suit. He danced closer still, until I could make out his face. His eyes were open wide and wild, head tilted back slightly, looking off at the sky. His mouth was formed in a painfully wide cartoon of a smile. Between the eyes and the smile, I decided to cross the street before he danced any closer. I took my eyes off of him to cross the empty street. As I reached the other side, I glanced back He had stopped dancing and was standing with one foot in the street, perfectly parallel to me. He was facing me but still looking skyward, smile still wide on his lips. I was completely and utterly unnerved by this. I started walking again, but kept my eyes on the man. Once I had put about half a block between us, I turned away from him for a moment to watch the sidewalk in front of me. The street and sidewalk ahead of me were completely empty. Still unnerved, I looked back to where he had been standing to find him gone. For the briefest of moments I felt relieved, until I noticed him. He had crossed the street, and was now slightly crouched down. I had looked away from him for no more than ten seconds, so it was clear that he had moved fast. I was so shocked that I stood there for some time, staring at him. And then he started moving toward me again. He took giant, exaggerated tip-toed steps, as if he were a cartoon character sneaking up on someone. Except he was moving very, very quickly. I just stood there, completely frozen as the smiling man crept toward me. And then he stopped again, about a car length away from me. Still smiling his smile, still looking to the sky. When I finally found my voice, I blurted out the first thing that came to mind. What I meant to ask was, "What do you want?! What came out was a whimper: I heard it in my own voice, and that only made me more afraid. He just stood there, smiling. And then, after what felt like forever, he turned around, very slowly, and started dance-walking away. Not wanting to turn my back to him again, I just watched him go, until he was far enough away to almost be out of sight. And then I realized something. I watched in horror as the distant shape of him grew larger and larger. He was coming back my way. And this time he was running. I ran until I was off of the side-road and back onto a better lit road with sparse traffic. Looking behind me then, he was nowhere to be found. The rest of the way home, I kept glancing over my shoulder, always expecting to see his stupid smile, but he was never there. I lived in that city for six months after that night, and I never went out for another walk. There was something about his face that always haunted me. He looked completely and utterly insane.

"The Grinning Man" is the ninth episode in the "Scary Endings" monthly Short Horror Series. Subscribe for more horror shorts coming soon! Watch Scary Endings Season 2 starting with "The Nightmare."

In it, a boy named Gwynplaine was mutilated to such an extent it left him with a permanent grin. His rictus grin shocked the world. It is my belief that the laughing man represented a primal fear. When Jerry Robinson created the super villain known as The Joker in it was because the idea was always there, flitting around his subconscious like a moth. He was The Clown King of Crime, an agent of chaos, a villain with no moral code whose insanity burned as bright as his glinting smile. It is a face ingrained on the psyche of millions. There is no imaginary monster under the bed. There is only the Grinning Man. My work – my obsession, is to find every mention of him. He appears in the Norse Eddas as Loki, the trickster, and bringer of Ragnarok, the end of the world. He is the laughing Japanese god of Fortune; the Greek god Gelos, the personification of laughter; the Egyptian god Geb, whose laughter made the earth shake. He is Anansi, Nanabozho, Kupua. He surfaced in the sixties as a New Jersey urban legend. Hundreds of sightings were reported. He has appeared over and over again, not as a central character like the heroes or the virgin-born princes, but always in the shadows, always meddling, always spreading malice. I found them by accident. One of my colleagues at the university sent me a link for a laugh. One afternoon I needed a break from work and started trawling around the net looking for them. I found my way to an obscure Internet forum where the topic ranged from Joker to the urban legend of the Grinning Man. I lost hours reading the posts. One response caught my eye. The Laughing Man Cult. This is the sort of thing that keeps me up at night. I worked into the early hours, trying every lead, every search term variation, but nothing came up. Most of his replies I decided to go with the masculine were intended to bait other users and question their arguments. The basic modus operandi of a troll. There was only one instance where he had posted anything of considerable length. Under a discussion post about why Batman never killed the Joker, he posted the following: The Joker is an agent of chaos. He cannot be killed. If Batman was really as strategic an adversary as the writers make him out to be, he would know that the eternal force of chaos cannot be defeated. If the Joker were to be killed, another would take his place, because chaos lives inside us all. Without these we are all the Joker. The battle between self-control and chaos is never ending, but at the end of the day, chaos always wins. It was the first time I had seen my own thoughts voiced by another. According to his profile he as it was indeed a he lived in London. I took my search to YouTube. They were mostly dark and gothic, with an aesthetic that saw the artists disguised in heavy clown make-up. I clicked on the Activity tab and found some posts by other users. The picture on the poster was a rictus grin, with the both corners of the lips slit. There was one comment underneath the post. I was overdressed compared to the clubbers who wore very little – shiny miniskirts and ripped fishnets, big black boots, PVC trousers. At least I had the good sense to wear black. I walked resolutely forward and followed them through the door, feeling very much like Alice about to encounter a room full of Mad Hatters. The passageway was lit by candles. The thump thump of music made the ceiling creak ominously. A man sat at the end of the passage. He was completely bald and wore nothing but a pair of black PVC pants and studded boots. My eyes lingered on the dark etchings covering his white skin. He looked up at me and grinned widely through black lips. He began to laugh, softly at first, then louder. It took on a maniacal edge. I nudged past him and mounted the stairs. Black graffiti covered the walls, words written over each other, up, down, across. Like a completed wordsearch in different coloured pens. Once you see it – The joke is on you. Laugh like no-one is listening. When you look into a mirror, it is not yourself you see – There were hundreds of these sayings. My earlier trepidation disappeared as the researcher took over. I felt like I had discovered a new subculture in the way a lepidopterist discovers a new species of butterfly. Two women with white painted faces grinned as I passed. The girl on the left winked at me and they immediately burst into laughter. I cleared my throat and moved on to the club itself. I counted about forty of them, pale and black-clad, like goths but – different. It was the make-up. Their faces were white as porcelain masks, all marked differently – painted frowns, smears of red, deep black shadows around the eyes, and everywhere, everywhere, smiles. They were all clowns. I made my way to the

bar and ordered a beer. I clutched the lukewarm bottle and watched the goings on around me in fascination. Men and women danced to the tinny organ grinder music without abandon. They kissed in the darkness. Everyone appeared to be laughing. He had the build of a young man, but his face was hidden behind white clown make up with long sharp teeth from his lips all the way to his cheekbones. I adjusted my spectacles. Girls in latex bikinis? It was stupid blurting out the truth so soon. I should have gone with documentary filmmaker. How chaos balances everything out. How it has always existed. Behind us, the deranged circus music took on a darker timbre. He stared at me. His make-up was making the back of my neck prickle. But you know nothing. Even your shoes are from a boutique. You brush your teeth twice a day. You spend at least ten minutes of your morning carefully combing to your hair to the left. Jesus, you even iron your own trousers. There is nothing between you and death. All these rules, these hoops you jump through – getting up every day at the same time to sit behind a desk for eight hours, all so you can afford to feed yourself and live in a nice flat, none of its real. None of it matters. Exactly one month after you die no one is going to care anymore. All those years spent working towards some imagined goal, slaving, paying your taxes, obeying the rules dreamed up by someone who died before you were even born, what was it all for? It would be chaos. You spend so much energy trying to keep in control, getting through the day so you can get through another. If you just let go, just once, do you know what would happen? His eyes were bright underneath all the get-up. No police would come crashing down your door. Free to see the giant joke of it all. No-one can take it away.

Chapter 5 : Grinning Man : Wikis (The Full Wiki)

The thing I remember most about the dreams, aside from that horrible grinning man, is the emotions. I felt each death that was inflicted in the dream like it was real. Like it was my own hand disemboweling my friends, my family, and random strangers against my own will.

Originally owned by a spiritualist , the mansion is now the property of his grandson, stage magician Lance Gessler Nicholas Boulton. They offer shelter to paranormal investigator Joey Ross and her friend Mina Naomi Bentley when the two are caught in a storm. Mina elects to sleep in the Nightmare Room, and has vanished by morning. Jonathan has recently begun a relationship with an old acquaintance, Nicola Katherine Parkinson , who is opposed to his investigative career, believing it to be too dangerous an occupation. Jonathan is still in the employment of the magician Adam Klaus, whose television series is receiving heavy criticism from viewers. Jonathan and Joey spend the night in the room, but uncover nothing. The next morning, when trying to figure out what they had done differently to all the victims, Jonathan comes to the realisation that they would have all taken a bath in the adjoining bathroom. Upon realising the secret behind the disappearances, Jonathan races back up to the attic with Glenn. Unfortunately, Joey had already climbed into the bath, which has descended and released her into a water tank below the room, where the corpses of previous victims including her friend Mina remain, drowned and decomposing. The bath has not yet returned to its position so Jonathan and Glenn are able to rescue her. Confronting Constance, Johnathan explains that the room the disappearances occurred in was not the real attic room, but in fact located in a flat-roofed tower next to the real attic which had slanted ceilings built in to disguise it as the attic in order to stop people suspecting any traps beneath it. The vent in the canopy was designed to leak an ectoplasmic fluid on the first victim to ensure they would use the bath. The mystery resembles the real-life case of the Jarmans, the sixteenth-century owners of the Ostrich Inn in Slough Berkshire , who killed wealthy travellers by tipping them into a barrel of boiling water via a hinged bed in one of the bedrooms. Glenn reveals that he and Elodie were in love, and had recently married in secret. He suspects that Gessler may have murdered Elodie out of jealousy after she confessed their marriage to him. Jonathan realizes that Gessler had manipulated Delia Gunning Ellen Ashley , the editor of the local newspaper, into printing a fake copy a week in advance. By making the video before killing Elodie, he could deflect suspicion from himself, leading the police to believe that she had faked her own death and run away. The "Grinning Man" the title refers to is the subject of a Hieronymous Bosch painting, which hangs in the attic Nightmare Room. The episode ends with Jonathan, Joey, and Adam arriving at a restaurant to celebrate with their significant others. Adam discovers that he has been conned by Candy, and will not be receiving any return on his pornography investment. Joey receives a call from her partner, Alec Adam James , who reveals that he is in Miami with Nicola and the two are now seeing one another. Retire, which is becoming increasingly tempting. Or go away for the best part of six months and struggle to come up with something else that interested me. And then sit and write it and decide whether I liked it and then try and interest someone else in it. Which even if the BBC had bought it, would take the best part of another year, just going through the system, and then all that time delay. So the boring answer is that it was a way of deferring retirement. So God knows why I ever embarked on it in the first place. So I tend to expect the worst. So sure enough, on the first day, she knows all her lines and makes her mark. Renwick described the opportunity to work with Smith as a major catalyst in his decision to revive the show. But I think the shooting gave him a lot of pleasure this time. He was directing for the first time and I think he really enjoyed it. It is a dull confusion of unknotted loose ends that breaks its own rules, suspends common sense and dumps so much unexplained plot that all suspense drains away through the holes in the story. What was going on with this bit? Had Renwick written it with his feet, in the bath or something? Then gone through it removing all traces of point or humour, then dropped it actually into the bath, then torn it up, then asked for it to be quickly rewritten by, say, an ant? In the end, by the time the secret of the original mystery was unlocked, the only room one really feared never being able to escape from was the one with the telly in it. But not Jonathan Creek, where characterisation has never been done in anything but the broadest brush strokes. Smith was no different. See

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Chapter 6 : Tom Dexter | Tardis | FANDOM powered by Wikia

The story introduces Alvin Maker to those who haven't read the series. Alvin Maker is traveling with Arthur Stuart. They see a man grinning down a bear who is in a tree eating honey. When the bear comes down, he wand.

Chapter 7 : The Tales of Alvin Maker: Grinning Man by Orson Scott Card

Legends: Short Novels by the Masters of Modern Fantasy is a anthology of 11 novellas (short novels) by a number of English-language fantasy authors, edited by Robert Silverberg. All the stories were original to the collection, and set in the authors' established fictional worlds.

Chapter 8 : Legends (book) - Wikipedia

Following its hugely successful premiere at Bristol Old Vic, the critically acclaimed new musical The Grinning Man has transferred to the West End and "demands to be seen" (The Times).

Chapter 9 : The Smiling Man | Creepypasta Wiki | FANDOM powered by Wikia

"The Grinning Man" is a feature-length episode of the BBC crime drama series Jonathan Creek, first broadcast on 1 January. The episode marked the series' return to television following a five-year hiatus, and saw the return of Alan Davies as the show's titular sleuth.